THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE SPRING TIME OF THE YEAR AND THE SPRING TIME OF LIFE.

SPRING is a time of immaturity: not one plant has reached its growth; not one fruit has ripened; not one seed has come to perfection. Whatever may be the delicacy, beauty, and charm of the springing blade and opening bud, with their new and vigorous life, they are not the bending grain and luscious fruit. So with the spring-time of life: of all the boys and girls living, not one has come to maturity. Whatever their freshness, fairness and activity, whatever their good qualities of mind and heart, their knowledge and counsels are very properly distrusted by those who are older, and ought oftener to be distrusted by themselves. None can help admiring youth for what it is. Those who are no longer young cannot help sighing at times that they cannot be young again. But there are things which youth cannot be while it is youth. It cannot boast of maturity any more than the spring-time. We cannot have the advantages of age and experience in a young woman of sixteen or a young man of nineteen, any more than we can have this year's apples in May.

Spring is a time of hope and promise. It is a time when we have bright anticipations of summer and autumn, but not their recompense. It is a time when verdure and bloom charm the eye; not the yellow corn and mellowing fruits, — substantial tokens of things accomplished. So youth is a time of bright prospects and glorious possibilities, — a time where we can look forward to lives of usefulness to be led, and to knowledge and experience to be gained; but not a time of large attainments. It is a time of bright anticipations, not of great acquirements.

Spring is a time of toilsome preparation. Now the farmer is at work early and late, day after day. His horses and oxen are summoned to constant toil. He applies to the land valuable manures. He buries costly seeds from sight. He makes large outlays of time, strength, and money, but all in a preparatory way. He will get no return, and he expects none, for a long time to come. He works on, making the most of the spring days as they fly, sustained by the faith, cheered by the hope, and animated by the promise of the future harvest. Now is his time to make sacrifices. Now is his time to be diligent; for diligence now will tell in his favor through the whole season. If he is negligent now, if golden opportunities for planting this field and sowing that one are allowed to pass unimproved, his work will be behind all through the season, and his crops will be late and small. Negligence and carelessness now will put upon him harder work all along, and deprive him in the end of the return he might have received. So the spring-time of life should be one of toilsome preparation. It is the time to be watchful, diligent, and sacrificing, that the mind and heart may be suitably prepared, and good seed sown in them. If their culture is delayed or carelessly pursued, serious defects will be experienced in after life. Every young person should be as diligent and careful in the spring-time of life about the preparation of the mind and heart, as the farmer is in the spring-time of the year about the preparation of the soil. Every effort should be made to get the best intellectual and moral culture. The mind should be open to receive knowledge, and the heart to receive good impressions.

To *be* good is more difficult than to *do* good. Yet one is the soul of goodness; the other, the body.

STOP AND THINK.

Did ever you stop to think, my lads,
When wishing to change your lot,
What a beautiful world you're living in,
And how it has been wrought?

Did ever you think of the great round moon,
That God has hung on high?
The sun that gives such light and heat,
And the stars that gem the sky?

Was ever a kingly diadem,
With its gold and silver bars,
One-half as beautiful as this world,
With its sun and moon and stars?

And think what a host of little birds,
With plumage of every hue,
Sing all day long their sweetest song,
With no reward from you!

Think of the flowers and blades of grass,
That carpet the hills and plain;
That hide their heads in the winter time,
And in spring come out again!

Think of the mountains and little rills,
The rocks and the rolling seas!
What but a loving Father's hand
Could picture such gems as these?

From out of his great and loving heart,
He painted these pictures all;
He mirrors a star in the ocean's wave,
The sun in a waterfall.

If ever you feel inclined, my lads,
To alter your Maker's plans,
Just stop and think what a world it would be,
If put into finite hands.

Instead of wishing for this and that,
And asking for more and more,
We ought to be thankful, every hour,
For blessings that round us pour!

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

THE UNSELFISH BOY.

Translated for the Dayspring from the French, by L. L. B.

ONE fine day in spring, little Jasper went out, with his friend Eugene, into the fields to pluck wild flowers. Each boy carried on his arm a basket, which contained his dinner. On their way they met a poor woman. She led by the hand a small lad, who looked pale, and worn with hunger. "Ah! my dear," said the woman to Jasper, "have the kindness to give my poor child some food; he has eaten nothing since yesterday noon." — "I can't spare any: I am very hungry myself," replied Jasper; and he went on, greedily devouring his dinner. What did Eugene do? He was as hungry as his companion. When he saw tears in the poor little fellow's eyes, his tender heart was touched, and he gave to him the dinner he had brought for himself. He received, in return, the blessing and thanks of the poor mother. This was not all: the boy, feeling stronger already for the nourishment he had taken, ran before his little benefactor, led him to a field, and showed him where to find the sweetest flowers. When Eugene returned, he carried in his hands an immense bouquet, — so large, in fact, the little fellow was quite lost behind it.

Jasper, on the contrary, gathered so few flowers he was ashamed to show them; so he threw them angrily away, though he had spent the whole afternoon in searching for them. The next day they started out for the same purpose. They were accompanied, this time, by another boy. His name was Valentine. They had gone some distance on their way, when Valentine discovered that he had lost the buckle off his shoe. He begged his friends to help him find it. Jasper said, "I can't spare the time now," and ran on. Eugene stopped to help his friend: he searched everywhere, got down on his knees in the grass, pushed the blades apart very carefully with his hands, and at last, to his great joy, found what he sought. Then they began to gather flowers. Valentine gave the prettiest flowers to Eugene; but he saved none for the boy who had refused to aid him. Again Eugene's bouquet was much more beautiful than Jasper's, and, what was better still, he felt contented and happy; while Jasper was dissatisfied with himself, and with everybody else. The third day, Jasper hoped to be more successful. He walked along with a saucy air, and would scarcely speak to Eugene. Hardly had they entered the field, when they saw the poor lad to whom Eugene gave his dinner coming toward them. In his hand he carried a basket filled with lovely flowers. These he gave to Eugene. Jasper wished to gather some; but the little boy had been before him. The result was, when the time came to return, he had less flowers than on the two preceding days. On their way home, they met Valentine. "My dear friend," said he to Eugene, "I've not forgotten how kind you were to me yesterday. I love you so dearly that I wish I could always have you near me. My papa loves you too. He wished me to come and find you, that he might play with us and tell us pretty stories. Come into my garden. I have some other friends there, and we will have a fine time together." Eugene joyfully accepted his friend's invitation, and followed him into the garden. Jasper was forced to go sorrowfully home. He had not been invited. He learnt, by all this, that one gains by kindness to others. He will try to correct his fault, that he may become, like Eugene, unselfish and kind.

LITTLE HARRY'S SERMON. — His text was, "Be kind." There were five points in his sermon: "First, Be kind to papa; second, Be kind to mamma; third, Be kind to baby; fourth, Be kind to Jane; and, fifth, Be kind to little kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

MULTUM IN PARVO;

OR, GEMS FROM THE GERMAN.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

What matter though the world steal worldly goods from thee,
If it take not thy *cloak* — of equanimity?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The tinkling herd spring forth in freedom o'er the meads;
The herdsman one wee kid by a red ribbon leads.
Is it his darling, which in leading-strings still goes?
Is it the stubborn one? Perhaps 'tis *both:* who knows?

CHARITY REJOICETH NOT IN EVIL.

There often comes, indeed, great good by means of ill;
But the ill thing no less is a misfortune still.
As, when the peasant's cow, slumping in treacherous ground,
Broke her leg, in the hole the man a treasure found.
Then said the cow, from out the hole: "For thee has broke
The day of luck; but, ah! for me a leg has broke."

PLEASURE-HUNTING.

What seek ye, travellers all, up in the mountain haunts?
What seekest thou, the first? — "I seek for stones and plants."
And findest plenty here. The next, — what seekest thou?
"Landscapes and views." — They're here, both stern and gay, enow.
Third man, why travellest thou? — "To write what I have seen."
'Twill pass: yet mightest thou better employed have been.
And thou, then, fourth and last? — "A pleasant tour I take."
With such *un*pleasant face, why the confession make?
With all man's hearty *work* pleasure is ever bound;
But pleasure which one seeks outright is never found.

C. T. B.

NEWPORT, R. I.

For the Dayspring.

THE SHOVEL AND THE BAYONET.

BY REV. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

MANY years ago, when the great rebellion first broke out, a certain factory in Massachusetts which made tools for farmers began making weapons and ammunition for the government; and so it happened one evening that a bayonet, which had been piled with others in the shovel-room, slipped from its shelf with a clang, and stuck fast in the floor close by a new shovel that leaned against the wall. For a long time neither spoke: in fact, I do not see how they could speak at all; but I do not intend to spoil my story for such a small matter as that; I will only say that the conversation was in the hardware language, if there is such a language.

The shovel began it, but not until near midnight. "I have been puzzling my brains for several hours," said he, "trying to think what you are made for; and unless you are a new-fangled poker, or a one-tined pitchfork waiting for a handle, I have not hit it. Please pardon me for speaking to you without an introduction; but, really, I couldn't help it."

Now all this was well enough; but the bayonet was proud and high-tempered, and answered ironically: "Your stupid guess proves that your brain is puzzled, and there is abundant room for brains in your wooden head. If you have not so much penetration as some, you have a certain breadth of thought, and your flat face gleams with intelligence; still, I must confess you have not hit it. I am not a vulgar pitchfork or poker. In the revised words of Father Taylor, I have not yet got track of my handle or my case; but 'I'm on the road to glory.' My business is war."

"And pray what is war, and what is

your handle?" modestly continued the shovel.

The bayonet was silent for at least half an hour; and then not able to resist the desire to boast, made this pointed reply: "I fear I shall waste words trying to explain to one so dull of understanding; but you certainly ought to know that war is the noblest occupation of man. I occupy a very high position in the army, and my handle is a musket."

You and I would have been disgusted at such lofty talk; but shovels have a way of going to the very root of a matter, and so this shovel said very quietly: "I think I overheard a workman say that those iron tubes with wooden ends are muskets, and that they are made to kill people. Do you call that glory? I thought it was murder."

"Murder," answered the bayonet, "is when one man kills another in a quarrel or to rob him; but, when a great nation is fighting for freedom or justice, slaughter is called glorious."

"It must be very noble to risk life on the right side; but how about the other side,—is that glorious too?" asked the shovel.

"We bayonets cannot choose sides, because men are our masters; but I must confess that I should enjoy fighting on either side," replied the bayonet.

"Then," said the shovel, for the first time losing temper, "you are a bloodthirsty villain; and I will have no more words with you."

The bayonet was in a fury at once. It glittered in the moonlight, and would have hurt the shovel if it could; but, being fast in the floor, it could not move, and had to show its spite by calling names.

"You wooden-headed, crooked-backed, dull-faced, old mud-digger! I only wish I were on a musket now, and that somebody would punch me through your body!"

After this fierce retort neither spoke again, and in the morning they were separated.

In the course of a few days, the bayonet found its handle, and became one of a thousand that were carried to the war by a Massachusetts regiment. They looked finely as they shone in the sunlight, and doubtless thought that the cheering on the Common was meant for them; but they discovered their mistake when they found that the cheering was just as loud when they were hanging upside down at the soldiers' belts. This was their first lesson in humility; but they got many others at the front. There they learned that they were generally useless in battle; that they were seldom carried in the air, except on parade; and that the soldiers used them for pokers and toasting-forks, and grumbled at the trouble of keeping them bright.

Skipping several years, during which the bayonet witnessed many cruel scenes, let us turn now to an event which happened near the close of the war. It was night. Two great armies were lying close together, ready to begin a battle. Off at the left a little squad of sharpshooters had been sent to dig trenches and throw up mounds, where they could be sheltered while firing; and, as shovels as well as muskets are needed in such a case, our old acquaintances were suddenly brought together again.

"What! you here?" whispered the bayonet, too much surprised to be angry over a quarrel which happened nearly four years before.

"Yes," answered the shovel: "I know what war means now, for I enlisted soon after you left, and I have been attached to the engineer corps ever since. I have done

heaps of work at Petersburg, Washington, and other places."

"What can a shovel do in an army?" inquired the bayonet, a little contemptuously.

"You will see presently," answered the shovel; "but please don't speak so sharply, for I have learned to respect bayonets since that night in the factory, having seen that they save more lives than they destroy."

Thus the old quarrel was made up: and the two foes, now become friends, worked hard, side by side, until daylight; the bayonet loosening the dirt, and the shovel throwing it up. Suddenly the enemy discovered what they were at, and the shot began to fly about the soldiers' ears; but they stuck to the work until it was finished.

ANECDOTE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion, a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which (owing to some change in wind or weather) had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard. But no: he would not go within their reach; but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning. "Give him the end of a rope," he said; "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown: the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where, a few minutes afterwards, boat and crew — thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend — were placed safe and undamaged. Was there no *reasoning* here? No acting with a view to an end, or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary *instinct?* — *Rev. J. C. Atkinson, in the Zoölogist.*

For The Dayspring.

THE PET CALF.

BY E. P. C.

WHAT a pretty picture this is of the pet calf taking its breakfast! No wonder Mrs. Mooly stares over the door to see how her baby behaves itself. For, though she does not wash it and dress it and carry it about, as Farmer Ruggles's wife does her baby, she is very fond of the calf, and very anxious for fear any thing should happen to it, and will grieve when it is taken from her side and put in the field.

Mrs. Mooly does not know that it is not polite to stare when people are eating: indeed, she would not have cared if the whole village had watched her munching her fine meal of hay. But the calf always keeps her anxious. Not five minutes ago it kicked up its heels, and knocked over the basket of turnips. I am sorry it is turnip-time for the cow; for now her milk will be bitter. But better bitter milk than no milk; for in some places, like the Island

of Cuba, they have very little butter, and they have to eat guava jelly and marmalade and fresh oranges instead; and so many sweet things make people ill.

Bell Ruggles has one hand on the calf's back, and the other on its collar. Still it may give the girls a little kick, — just for fun, you know, for every one feels pleasant after eating; and, besides, a calf is often frisky. I have heard of a pet lamb, but I never heard of a pet calf before; but this one is a beauty, and I do not wonder that the girls make a pet of it.

Bell was born and brought up on the farm; and she could almost tell her way about it in the night. The creatures flock around her, and the pet chicken flies to her shoulder. She would be put out if you asked which she liked best, though just now the calf is her favorite. She is a good scholar, — even finds time to study her Sunday-school lesson, — though she tends the baby, feeds the chickens, and helps churn the butter. She longs to be grown up and milk the cow. She thinks Mrs. Mooly will not dare to play any tricks on her.

Sally Gill is her cousin. She was born and brought up in Boston. You would not know her for the girl that sat in her dressing-gown, in the rocking-chair, by the window, a month ago, with a pale, peaked face; and cried out to her mother, in a piping voice, "How I do wish I could go to school, like the other girls!"

The doctor said what she wanted was not medicine, but sunshine and fresh air, and running about, and rolling on the hay in a big barn. And so her mother packed her little trunk, and sent her off with it to Duxbury. She was so homesick the first day for her mother and the children, — for it was a rainy day, and all was so strange to her, — that she meant to ask to go home; but when the sun shone, and Bell took her to see all the live creatures, she grew more contented.

Her Aunt Ruggles told her, if she meant to be a country girl, she must wear a country girl's clothes. So she hunted up an out-grown suit of Bell's, and put Sally into it. At first Sally was affronted, because Bell laughed at her queer little figure; but when she saw herself in the oval looking-glass, which was hung about with Roxbury wax-work, she laughed louder than Bell, and courtesied to the little country girl. They had to go down to Mr. Peters's variety shop to buy the thick shoes. Then the little hat, with its plume, and the kid boots, and the sunshade, and gown, with its frills, were folded carefully away in the old-fashioned press, which smelt so sweet of lavender leaves.

And, now, a whole month is over; and there stands Sally Gill, with round, rosy cheeks, and very proud of holding the piggin, which her weak hands would have dropped the day she came. I think she is a bit anxious, too; for she has never been with four-footed creatures before. How pleased her mother will be to have her back at the end of the summer! She has learned how to hold baby, and Bell has told her about bees and flowers and birds. With her high-necked tier, she visits the pig-sty; and on her comfortable cape-bonnet she has strung a chain of butter-cups. If she lives to be an old woman, she will not forget that first summer in the country, — the brown bread, the baked apples, and the sweet milk warm from the cow. And though she will be glad to go back to her mother and the children and the school-girls, I know she will cry at leaving the baby and her aunt and Bell; and I am not sure that she will not kiss Mrs. Mooly and the pet calf.

For the Dayspring.

MANAGING THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

CHAPTER III. — *Which treats principally of Bobbet's Tribulations.*

THE next few days passed quietly. Jennie's chief anxiety was for Ralph's wounded fingers, which he seemed to regard with all due respect as long as the pain lasted; but which he wished to ignore utterly as soon as it died away. For every instance of neglect or forgetfulness, however, the lame hand took summary vengeance; and poor Ralph was moved, often with tears in his eyes, to fly to his sister for consolation. That wise little maiden, whose skill was sorely tried, and whose heart ached daily with its weight of compassion, at last proposed that the hand be carried in a sling. "Not that it is really so dreadful," said she; "but just to make you remember it, you know."

Her suggestion, meeting her brother's approval, was acted upon immediately; and the troublesome fingers again commanded the respect necessary for their patient toleration.

Amy's sympathy was active, and found expression in a thousand little ways. Ralph — who felt that he had been unnecessarily severe upon that unfortunate evening — met her efforts with a gentle appreciation, which touched her. Both the children felt that they had been unjust to Jennie, who had certainly proved herself equal to emergencies: so, for a few days, the spirit of unbroken harmony prevailed in the little household; and Bridget declared that "the place was *quite* as the church itself."

Then they had letters from papa and mamma, — letters brimful of love; which they read over and over again, until even Bobbet knew them by heart. At last came one from Will to Ralph, which I transcribe.

Dear Ralph, — Up there at P—— I hope you all get along well enough without me. We have to go out-of-doors to downstairs here at *Kit-ter-ells*. Guess how? And there is a peacock, and he makes mamma's head ache. You ought to see all the little colored girls. You just ought to see them going to school. They take such funny lunches. Bottles of tea to drink. Just think of that. Sometimes the cork is lost, and they have stoppers made of newspaper. One girl had twisted her newspaper up *very* long, and it hung away down into the tea. Newspaper tea! How would you like that? Wouldn't the "Little School-ma'am" laugh? Father is going to take us to ride, so I can't think of any thing more. Love to all, especially Bobbet, — and Amy, — and Jane, — and — Bridget, and you, — *of course*.

From your brother,

WILLIAM B. WHEELER.

P.S. I want to see you very much, — *all* of you.

"Not any more than we want to see him," said Jennie, as Ralph folded the the letter: "I'm very sure of that."

"The time hasn't seemed *quite* as long as I thought it would," remarked Ralph, with an arch glance at Amy. "One week has gone already, and the other will fly away faster yet."

"How do you know it will?" asked Amy.

"Doesn't time always fly faster as people grow older, and don't we grow older every day?" was Ralph's triumphant rejoinder.

"Wise boy!" exclaimed Jane. "But I'm afraid time will fly too fast for you this morning if you don't hurry: you'll surely be late to school."

"We'll tell Miss Crampton 'twas the postman's fault. She'll excuse us. She knows what 'tis to get letters herself. Come, Amy."

The two children rushed gaily from the house, and Jennie devoted her energies to the putting together of Bobbet's picture puzzle, over which he was exercising his small brain; but which he learned so quickly to "match up" under her skilful tuition, that she was delighted beyond measure, and wondered if the world contained a smarter boy than this same brother of hers.

But, alas! the next day Bobbet was very naughty. He said that dreadful word against which she had so seriously warned him. He said it, not once only, but many times; rolling it as a sweet morsel under his tongue, his eyes fixed *unwinkingly* upon her face, as if to mark the effect.

At first Jennie was too horrified to speak. Ralph and Amy, who sat together at the window, exchanged furtive glances. What was to be done?

Jennie was not long in making up her mind. Such wilful depravity in one so young was fearful. Bobbet must be punished.

The little boy's countenance changed as he saw her quick decisive movement. Curiosity gave place to fear. The large eyes filled. The rosy lip trembled.

"Bobbie didn't mean to. Bobbie didn't — "

"Don't say that, Bobbet," said his sister, sternly. "It isn't true. You're growing more wicked every minute."

At this terrible statement, Bobbet began to cry.

"I read somewhere of a lady who cured her little boy of saying bad words by putting pepper-sauce in his mouth," continued Jennie. "I must see if I can't cure you."

"Pepper-sauce!" ejaculated Ralph in a low tone. "*Don't*, Jane!"

"It'll bite his tongue dreadfully," said Amy. "I *wouldn't*, Jane."

"Supposing it *does* bite his tongue," replied Jane, majestically. "Isn't it better to have his tongue bitten a little bit now, than to have him grow up a bad boy like Michael Ryan?"

"Mike Ryan!" repeated Ralph, scornfully. "He couldn't grow up like him if he tried."

"Just think how *little* he is," continued Jennie. "Why, if he keeps on, he'll talk worse than Captain Jacob Jones, when he gets as old."

Looking at Bobbet as he stood there, the children could not but acknowledge that if, when he had reached the ripe age of Captain Jacob Jones, he did not excel that gentleman in profanity, it would certainly not be for lack of time for the acquirement and practice of the accomplishment.

"He *is awful* little, Jane," said Ralph. "He doesn't know any better. Why can't you let him off this once? You won't do so again, will you, Bobbet?"

"N-o-o-o!" sobbed Bobbet.

"He does know better," said Jennie, severely. "If he doesn't, it's time he was taught. Come, Bobbet!"

She took his hand as she spoke, and led him toward the dining-room. The poor little fellow cried in a grieved, sorrowful way, which might have been taken as an earnest of heartfelt repentance, but which did not satisfy his inexorable sister. Ralph and Amy followed slowly, their faces expressing the deepest indignation.

"It'll make his mouth sore for a week," muttered Amy.

"His tongue 'll smart like fury. Mean old thing! wish she had to take it herself!" growled Ralph.

To Jennie, who would willingly have suffered the penalty, if by so doing Bobbet's little tongue could have been insured against a repetition of the heinous offence,

these remarks seemed cruel in the extreme. As for Bobbet, — who, between his sobs had caught the words "bite like fury," "mouth sore for a week," and other remarks of a like menacing nature, — his tears flowed more freely than ever; and, when he saw Jennie take the bottle from the shelf, he cried aloud.

"I — don't — want — my tongue — all bited off," he screamed, jumping up and down in terror.

"It shan't be bitten off. Sister wouldn't have it bitten off for the world! Ralph and Amy, I wish you'd go into the other room. You make him feel ten times worse."

"I *shan't* go into the other room," said Ralph.

"Nor I," echoed Amy, taking a defiant stand by the door. "You're just as mean as you can be, Jane! Poor *dear* little darling!"

Jane made no reply. With her bottle and spoon in hand she went toward Bobbet; but, with a loud shriek he eluded her grasp, ran into the parlor, and hid himself behind the sofa.

Jennie rushed after him, and, quick as thought, locked both doors. "Now," she said to herself, "we shall have a little more peace."

But she was mistaken. The knobs were rattled, and the doors shaken vigorously. "You'd better look at that bottle," cried a voice at the keyhole. "You'd better be sure it isn't poison."

"Or cod-liver oil," cried another voice.

Jennie's patience gave way. "P-e-p-p-e-r S-a-u-c-e!" she read impatiently from the bottle. "I guess I know pepper-sauce when I see it."

"What nonsinse are ye havin' over wid me b'y?" asked another voice, in tones of unmistakable displeasure. "Come here, sweetheart! Come to yer Bridgy! It's the *pepper-saucin'* we'll give to Sister Jane. *That* will we!"

Jennie was downright angry now, and Bobbet's screams of rage and fear did not tend to reconcile her to what she considered such unjustifiable interference.

"I have said that I should punish him, and I *shall* punish him," she said decisively. "You may bang away at those doors as much as you like: you *can't* get in. And he doesn't *stir one step* from this room till he's had his pepper-sauce."

"Very well," said Ralph; "I hope it won't kill him, — that's all. Come, Amy! I can't stand this, — can you?"

"You'd better go, then," retorted Jennie, her tone in no wise softened by the sound of Amy's weeping, which, as she turned away, had saluted her ears. "You'd better go, and take Bridget with you."

Bridget, however, refused to stir from her position outside the door until she could "bring her darlint wid her;" and Jennie, who by this time was heartily sick of the whole affair, resolved to administer the punishment without delay. Pouring a drop or two of the pepper-sauce into the spoon, she walked up to Bobbet, who was crouching in a corner. Poor baby! with his eyes half blinded by tears, he did not realize that the impending horror was so near; and he had received the contents of the spoon into his open mouth before he could collect his remaining powers of resistance. The first taste of the fiery liquid, however, produced an effect which Jennie had never thought of. It was not fright, now: it was blind, ungovernable fury which possessed him; and never before, in all his little life, had Bobbet been in such a passion.

"You — *killed* — me," he shrieked, his

eyes flashing at her through torrents of tears. "I'll *dead* you — I'll — "

He rushed at her as he spoke; but she caught him in her arms. "O Bobbet! — sister didn't want to. You *won't* say that naughty word again, will you?"

"Yes, I *will* say it, — *all* times;" and out it came, with a defiant *vim* which words can feebly portray.

Jennie relaxed her hold. To repeat the punishment would be worse than foolish: it had made Bobbet worse instead of better. If he *should* grow up to be such a man as Captain Jacob Jones, she couldn't help it now. What mattered it if she *were* "deaded"?

Bobbet, who fully expected another dose of the obnoxious pepper-sauce, and was prepared to fight against the administration thereof to the bitter end, was astonished when she walked quietly to the door, and unlocked it, saying, in a subdued tone, "You can go, now. Go to Bridget."

He needed no second bidding. Running into the motherly arms that were outstretched to receive him, he was borne triumphantly to the kitchen, where Ralph and Amy awaited him. Here the little fellow was comforted with an especial treat of pop-corn, which Ralph had gotten up for his benefit, — "to take the taste of that horrid old stuff from his mouth," as he assured him sympathetically.

"I — don't — love — Jane," said Bobbet, sobbing afresh at the recollection of his wrongs.

"No. He's Bridget's own darlin'. Sister Jane was bad to him," was the good-hearted girl's rejoinder.

"I don't blame him for not loving Jane," said Amy. "Do you, Ralph?"

"Of course I don't. He'd be a goose if he did."

These remarks, indiscreet as they were, were but the echo of the keen self-reproach which was going on in Jennie's own mind. "How dreadful to make him so angry!" she groaned. "He'll hate me as long as he lives. They'll all hate me. Oh, dear!"

She threw herself upon the sofa, and buried her face in the cushion, too utterly miserable even to cry. Here she lay until the tea-bell rang, when she arose and walked listlessly into the dining-room, to find Ralph tying on Bobbet's bib, and Amy industriously preparing his bread and butter.

Both of these duties had hitherto devolved upon herself; but, if her brother and sister had expected a remonstrance for their officiousness, they were disappointed. She seated herself at the head of the table in a hopeless kind of way, and busied herself with the cups and saucers.

"I don't love Jane no more," said Bobbet, with a scowl.

She gave him his milk, without a word. He looked at her inquiringly; for, if he didn't love her, he certainly missed the bright face and pleasant words which had always helped to make up the sum of blessings in his little world. Ralph also gave her a searching glance. He wondered if they hadn't been a little too hard on Jane.

"Amy's going to sleep in my bed now," said Bobbet, with another look.

Jennie's cheek flushed. They had talked it all over, then. They wouldn't let Bobbet love her if he wanted to. It was hard; but she only said, in a voice which *would* tremble a little in spite of herself, "Very well."

The dreary hours dragged themselves away, and the evening came to an end at length. Amy, who, at Bobbet's entreaty, had gone to bed early, was sound asleep when Jennie came upstairs. Her arm was thrown protectingly round him, and his

little face was partly hidden upon her shoulder. Jennie looked at them for a moment; then turned away.

She crept into her lonely bed, feeling that she should never, never go to sleep. Then it occurred to her that she had forgotten her prayers. "The very time I need them most," she thought sadly, and she knelt at the bedside; but the words of the familiar "Our Father" would not come to her.

"O God!" she whispered at length, "if you'll *only* show me the way out of this; and do *please* help me not to be always getting into fusses, — for ever and ever. Amen."

The prayer came from the very depths of a full heart; and, somehow, it comforted the young petitioner. She could not help feeling that, perhaps, in the dim distance of time, her little brother's heart might turn to her again; and, with this soothing thought, she fell asleep.

The time came sooner than she had hoped. She was dreaming that Bobbet was crying for a drink of water, which she was making frantic efforts to get for him by turning a faucet which had suddenly made its appearance upon the back of one of mamma's easy-chairs, when, opening her eyes, she saw a white-robed figure standing by the bedside.

"Don't be frightened," said an anxious voice; "but Bobbet is crying with the earache, and I don't know what to do for him."

"Mother drops sweet oil on cotton," said Jennie. "I'll get it for you."

She went quickly to the closet; but not quickly enough to escape Bobbet's notice. He could remember nothing now but her loving kindness and untiring care; and, with the capriciousness of babyhood, he sobbed out, "I want Jane. I want my *d-e-a-r* sister Jane."

Jennie's heart gave a great bound of relief. "Sister's coming," she said joyfully, approaching the bedside. "Where *is* that poor little ear?"

"Here 'tis," replied Bobbet, gravely, pointing to the offending member.

"This nice, white, soft cotton will soon stop its aching. There, now! Isn't that better?"

Bobbet nodded. "Lie down here!" he said imperatively.

Jennie did lie down beside him, and he threw his arms about her, and kissed her cheek, nose, and lips, indiscriminately.

"I love Jane."

"O Bobbet! *Truly?*"

His answer was another shower of kisses; but suddenly he started back in dismay. He was "kissing up salt water," and he didn't like the taste of it.

"Don't cry! *Dont!*" he said anxiously.

There was no answer.

"Naughty girls cries. I wish — Jane — wouldn't." His lip was quivering again.

But Jennie couldn't help it. The long pent-up tears *would* have their way. All Amy's efforts to soothe her were unavailing, and not until Ralph appeared upon the scene of action could she control her sobs.

"There!" said she at last, making an effort to speak calmly; "if I've made a goose of myself, I can't help it. There's no use in trying to tell what I'm crying for. You know well enough."

"Yes," replied Ralph, "we know; but who's going to remember a thing for ever? I'm not, I can tell you. It's too much trouble. And Bobbet's forgotten it already. See! he's going off to sleep again."

"I made you all miserable," began Jennie.

"We helped," put in Amy.

"So we did," exclaimed Ralph. "We made half the fuss, ourselves."

"We were all horrid, every one of us," continued Amy.

"*I* was *hor-wid*," echoed Bobbet, with feeble complacency.

"Just hear that!" laughed Ralph. "A voice from dream-land."

"I love Jane," whispered Bobbet, looking at her through his half-closed lids.

"I love Jane, too," said Amy, who could not help admiring the generosity of her sister, who was so ready to ignore the part she had taken in the affair of the afternoon.

"So do I love Jane!" cried Ralph. "I don't care if she is fussy. She's true blue; and I love her. There!" To his own surprise as well as hers, he stooped and kissed her; after which extraordinary performance, — for Ralph had often expressed the opinion that boys of his age were too big to kiss anybody but *mothers*, — he ran into his own room, jumped into bed, and hid his tingling cheeks beneath the clothes; but, notwithstanding all this, was not in the least sorry or ashamed of what he had done.

Jennie's dreams were sweet that night; and never had Bobbet seemed so dear and precious as when she awoke the next morning to find his chubby hands stroking her cheeks. She clasped him in her arms, and held him tight, calling him her "darling little brother."

"Sister loves you, loves you *dearly*," said she.

"Do she?" asked Bobbet, composedly.

"Yes, indeed, *indeed* she do."

"God loves Bobbet," said the little boy, serenely.

"Yes, God loves Bobbet ever so much."

"I saw God," cried Bobbet, eagerly.

"Oh, no! Bobbie. You can't see God. He can see you; but you can't see him."

"Yes I did see him blowin' right *froo* the sky. Goin' quick, just like that," — illustrating with a wave of his hand.

"What *does* he mean?" thought poor Jennie. "What *does* make him talk so? You *can't* see God, Bobbie, till you go to heaven," she said decidedly. "It must have been a cloud that blew over the sky. You mustn't say you saw God. Sister feels sorry when you tell naughty stories."

"Do she?"

"Yes."

"God looked right *froo* my window on to Bobbet's head last night. I *sawd it*."

"O Bobbet! that was the moon:" and then Jennie said no more; for a vague feeling came over her, to which she could not have given words had she tried, — a feeling that, perhaps, God might really be showing himself to little Bobbet in his own best way.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A LITTLE crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad of dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate, and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within hers laid,
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound,
A little added to the soil,
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and easy-chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb.

Pen and Plow.

THE picture of a very pretty aquarium, which we give on the first page of this month's "Dayspring," is for the amusement of our youngest readers. If they will look at it carefully, they will find that it contains a great number of objects.

NONE of us value sufficiently the vast influence of kindness. We do not think how those around us stand in need of it: we feel only for ourselves. Alone, unwitnessed save by God, many conflicts take place; the poor human heart struggles with sorrow. Let us try, then, and do all we can to make those about us happy, if only with a kind word.

Puzzles.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

1. The hue of any thing, an article, and a note in music, make what Territory?
2. Monday morning's occupation, and a weight, make what Territory?
3. To fasten together, a pronoun, and to sever, make what State?
4. A preposition, and a goddess, make what State?
5. A young fowl, an article, and to advance, make what Western city?
6. A girl's name, and a loose outer garment, make what fashionable watering-place?

WELL-KNOWN GAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Part of the body, and a humbug.
2. An article of furniture, and a period of time.
3. A bird, and a letter.
4. A river in Europe, and the noise of an animal.
5. A vegetable, and a consonant.
6. A sack, an article, and to relate.
7. Alone, part of the face, and to rend.
8. A pronoun, and one of the canine species.
9. Part of a bird, and measures.
10. Stale, and a female.
11. An animal, pronoun, and part of the face.
12. An exclamation, and to draw.
13. The color of a sightless being.
14. A letter, and game.
15. A number, and used to fasten.
16. Something sweet and attractive, and a child's plaything.
17. A master, and a weight.
18. A female relative.
19. A fairy, and to pull.
20. Mean, and a cry.
21. A letter, evil, and nothing.
22. A cramp, and consumed.
23. A gathering of the feline species.
24. The shout of a pedestal.
25. A spot, a tree, a song, and to avoid.
26. A color, and to look for.

Saturday Evening Gazette.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. V enu S
2. I m P
3. O phi R
4. L ev I
5. E ndymio N
6. T wi G

ANSWERS TO BEHEADED PUZZLES.

1. Easter. 2. Erebus. 3. Io. 4. Hour. 5. Switch. 6. Witch.

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